

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH  
IN AMERICAN LIFE

# Information

APRIL, 1948

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## FEATURES

LET'S BE MORE SOCIABLE

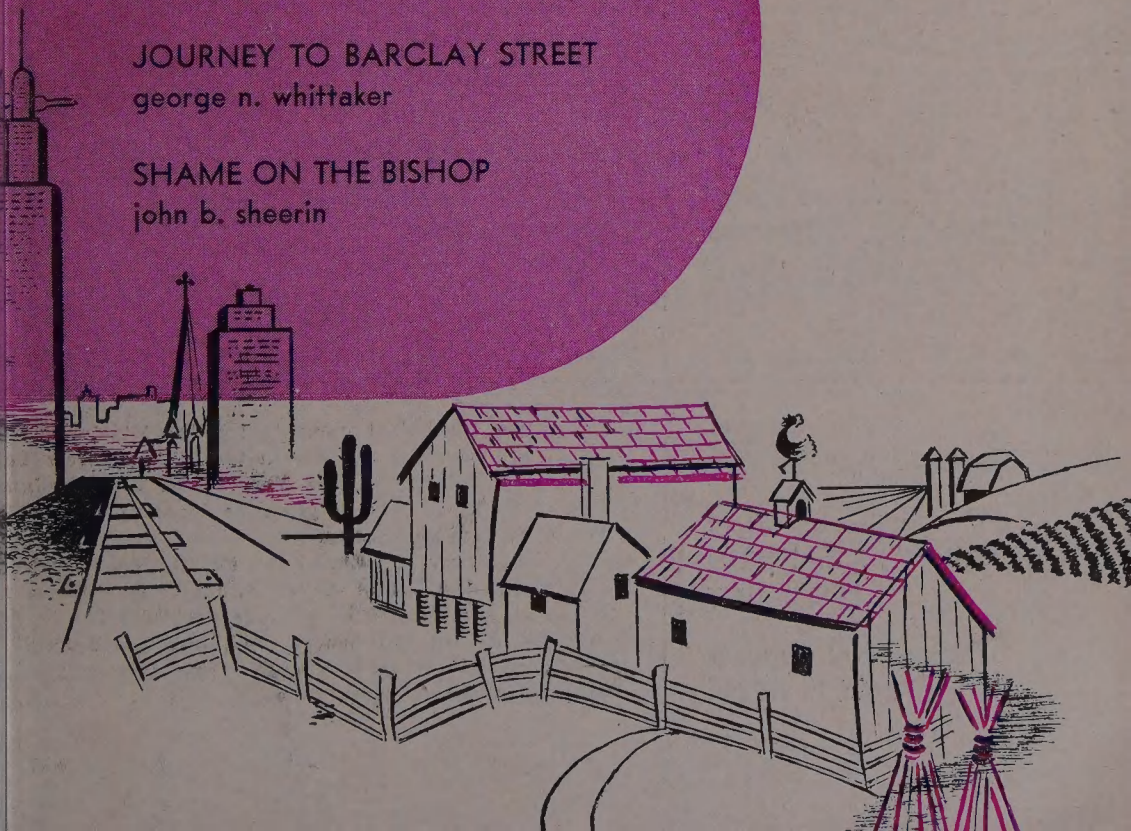
jerome p. holland

JOURNEY TO BARCLAY STREET

george n. whittaker

SHAME ON THE BISHOP

john b. sheerin



# Information

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## A MASS TO REMEMBER

Margaret Michael Novak

AT dusk last August, after weary miles of automobile travel under a hot North Carolina sun, my husband and I arrived at Greenville. We were on our way to the North Carolina coast. We had reservations in a hotel and we drove with all we could give it under the law to get there—on Saturday night. We looked forward to a bath, a dinner and plenty of sleep. We were determined to go to Mass the next morning.

**Hospitality.** The little hotel was hospitable. We were happy and satisfied. It would work out as we had planned—dinner, bath, sound sleep and Mass the next morning before pushing on.

That is what we thought—all easy and nice.

On the way downstairs in the elevator the colored boy told us the hotel dining room was closed. We could get a meal across the street.

To get out of the hotel we passed the desk. Usually in towns one finds a church bulletin board there. There was no Catholic church listed. Noticing this, I asked the clerk if he knew where the Catholic church was. He didn't.

Greenville is a county seat. It happens to be the second largest Bright-Leaf tobacco market in the world. The town isn't asleep. It's up and going, and it is old. Its natives boast of the fact that George Washington ate there. One can read about it on the courthouse which is across from the hotel.

**Where Was the Church?** Well, the clerk didn't know where the Catholic church was. Having been in North Carolina towns before, I began to feel frustrated. Before we went out of the lobby we got a telephone book. No Catholic church. We called the elevator boy and asked him. He looked dazed. He didn't

know anything about a Catholic church.

Now, although George Washington is supposed to have eaten there, and all this fine tobacco is sold there, Greenville, nevertheless, is a little town. It is no big city; so small and so old that every soul should know every building in the place.

During dinner we asked the waiter. He didn't know. We asked the proprietor of the restaurant. He didn't know. By this time we felt like strangers in a strange world.

Out in the street I asked a woman. She thought she knew. She thought it was one block down and one block up. She wasn't sure.

It was there. A block and a half from the hotel was a church, up on a terrace. The street was dark, so was the church. Having no flashlight we decided to stumble around, scratch a few matches and see the Mass schedule. Then, we noticed a light from the other side.

**The Priest.** By the time we reached the path that led to the door from which the light shone, I was so tired, so defeated, that my soul tasted a few harsh words. Those words were "kithless," "forlorn," and "outside the gates." I had reached a kind of childishness. Through the screen

door and in the light of the room I saw a priest. I did not stop to knock or hunt for the bell. I cried out to him, and I really cried out, "Father!" His answer lifted my heart.

The dark and the night and the strange little town, which couldn't tell me of a church that was within a stone's throw, were gone. I was at home.



We left his house with knowledge of the Masses. When I asked him why he was not in the telephone book, his answer was, "We are too poor."

The next morning we got to Mass. As we turned the corner and the church came into view, we saw that it was tiny, hadn't cost much to build; yet it was pretty indeed, cradled in the green of vines and trees. Inside, it was lovely. Someone here knew how to make an altar beautiful. The sunshine peeked in from the out-of-doors, and God's sweet peace laid its hand on the gentle rustle of the people filling the pews. In front of the church sat six or eight sisters, exquisitely serene, in habits with a spot of scarlet on a sash. It was all so dignified, so excellently right.

**They Said It in Latin.** By the time the priest came to the altar with his two boys, the small House of God



was packed to the doors—standing room only. We made the Sign of the Cross. Then it happened—every soul in that church made the responses in Latin—articulate, sonorous, reverent. I couldn't believe my ears.

Fortunately for me, my Missal has the Latin on one side and the English on the other. I hopped in where I could, but it was hop, skip and jump. My husband, in good voice and good pronunciation, made the grade. I envied him. I hoped he wasn't ashamed of me. I was never so disappointed. Here was a thing that for many years I had hoped to hear. Here it was happening. Here was I, a Catholic with a Missal, and the Latin under my nose, and I couldn't keep up. I couldn't do it. I loved all that was going on. I loved it so. I wanted to send my voice to God along with the others. The tears came out of my eyes. They rolled down my face. I kept trying. I kept on loving all I heard. I kept on being grateful to God for, at last, letting me hear the Mass said like this.

After Mass the priest stood by the door. I made up my mind to tell him. "Father," I said, "I couldn't help being emotional. All these years I have wanted to hear a Mass done as you have done it this morning. And I was no good to you. I just couldn't keep up at all."

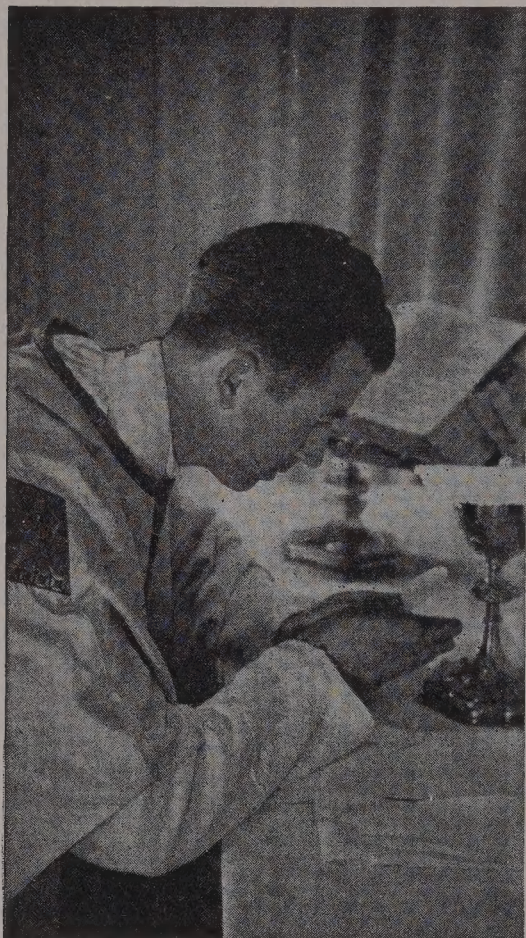
He looked at me and I knew he didn't know what I meant. "All

the people," I said, "all the people responding in Latin."

A smile broke over his face. "Oh that!" he exclaimed. "We always say Mass together—always."

It was just another Sunday for him. For me it was a great morning. It was a Mass I shall never forget. Nor shall I ever forget the lift in my heart the night before when he said: "What is it, my child?"

**Catholics in Carolina.** Since coming back from North Carolina I have gone to some trouble to find out facts about Catholics in that state. It is a dreary business. In the American Guide Series for North Carolina, which covers everything from fish in the ocean to birds over the mountains' trees, there are six pages on religion. These mention everything from the Indians, who were there originally and had many gods which they called Mantoac, through the Quakers who came in next, followed by the Anglicans, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Lutherans, the German Reformed, the Moravians, the Church of Christ, the Scientists, the Seventh Day and other Adventist bodies, the Mormons, the Pentecostals, the Pilgrim Holiness, the Universalists, the Dunkards, the Mennonites, the Black Jews, the "jerking, wheeling, dancing, laughing, barking and falling-down" sects of the "Great Revival"; the whole lot of the 67 denominations (no men-



**This is Christ's body.**

tion of Catholic) and the 1,400,000 (I wonder if Catholics are counted) church-goers.

The only reference to the Catholic Church happens to be that one William Gaston, a brilliant young jurist of the Catholic faith (the date on this is about 1835), influenced the modification of Article 32 in the State Bill of Rights, and that somewhere after 1830 an Anglican bishop,

Levi Stillman Ives, who had served the Episcopalians for 23 years, manifested such strong Catholic leanings that toward the end of his tenure he disrupted the church membership and joined the Roman Catholic communion before resigning his bishopric.

Later on in the book, under "Architecture," the Catholics are given some recognition. Evidently, once in a while in North Carolina, they get what it takes in dollars and cents to build a church. If its architecture is outstanding, it is mentioned.

Consequently, on reading the October issue of *Holiday*, I felt certain that Mr. Jonathan Daniels knows what he is talking about when he says: "In North Carolina Catholics are so rare that they often have seemed only items which evangelical politicians use to frighten their simple constituents."

**Mass Read in English.** I write all this because on returning from our trip to North Carolina last summer I told one of my parish priests the story of my reaction to Father Gable's Mass. My emotions were tangled and mixed and twisted as they had been the first time I heard the Mass read in English by this very parish priest. It was October, 1946. The priest is Father Joseph Dougherty, S.J., director of Radio Mass, Baltimore. Every Sunday morning in the chapel of Mercy Hospital, which is down in the heart of the



town—in the dirt, in the confusion, in the noise—all patients who can make it gather in the chapel. So do the Sisters, nurses and personnel. The rest of the ill—the shut-ins, even the Catholics just laid up in bed at home with a cold—listen over their radios. The celebrant at the altar goes ahead with his Latin. Father Dougherty reads the English translation. Its magnificence is carried to the ears of everyone who chooses to tune in on WFBR at 10:30 o'clock on Sunday morning.

Although in church I follow the priest with my Missal, Mass after Mass; although I know the Mass al-

most by heart in English; nevertheless, its beauty is a startling thing in that tongue when read by such a man of God. Its power, its humility, its heart's cry had never raced through my mind and my soul as it did that first day I heard Father Dougherty read the Mass in English.

These two experiences, Father Gable's Latin Mass and Father Dougherty's English Mass, struck for me the same emotional note. I cannot think of the beauty of one without being conscious of the beauty of the other. And I know that they both come from the beauty of the Mass itself, a beauty to be found in any Mass we hear.

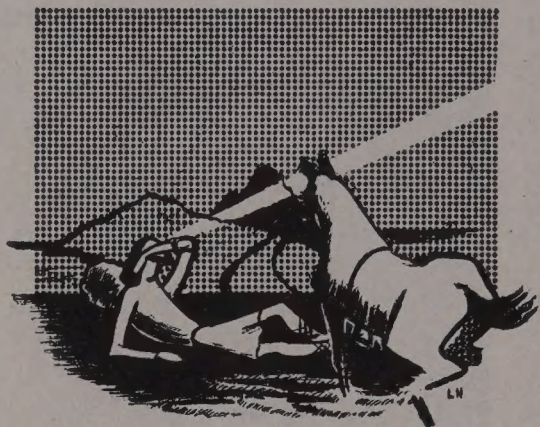
## So Little Time

*Suppose God granted you a life of 70 years. How would it be distributed? How would you spend it? Statistics divide these 70 years in this way:*

*Three years would be spent in education;  
Eight years in amusements;  
Six years at the dinner table;  
Five years in transportation;  
Four years in conversation;  
Fourteen years in work;  
Three years in reading;  
Twenty-four years in sleeping.*

*"How much time do you give to God?" If you went to Mass every Sunday and prayed for five minutes every morning and evening, you would be giving five months to God; five months out of 70 years of your life.*

✠ BISHOP GANNON.



## Road to Damascus

Conversion comes seldom in a flash; often it is a journey on a long road. Yet the road can be as exciting as the brilliant flash. Much noted this year is the conversion autobiography of Dr. Kenneth Simon (*The Glory of Thy People*: New York, Macmillan, 1948). Dr. Simon was raised in a devout Jewish orthodoxy. His hold on religion, loosened in high school days, was lost in college owing to the new ideal held up to him—a perfection of society through scientific knowledge.

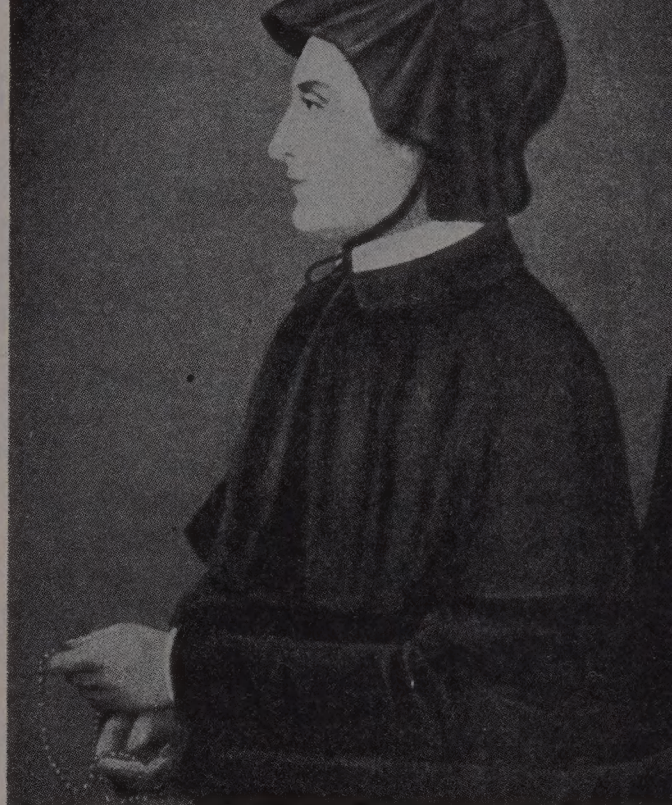
In his medical course at the University of Michigan young Simon took account of religion again when another student introduced him to the sound philosophical tradition of Aristotle—St. Augustine—St. Thomas Aquinas. After that he went to the University of Chicago to study under three exponents of scholastic philosophy, McKeon, Hutchins, and Adler. Step by step he reasoned to the spirituality and immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and "an intellectual love of God." His esteem for St. Thomas led him to study the Catholic Church. It pleased him to find there a teaching authority that claimed to possess all religious truth. He tells how he was led to an intense study of the Catholic faith. First came the realization of moral law and responsibility, then an attraction to prayer, a veneration for the gospels, a strong love for Christ and an acceptance of His Divinity, lastly a realization of the love that God has for men.

Of his baptism in 1936 Dr. Simon writes, "Then did I, a Jew, without becoming less a Jew, become a Catholic." Kenneth Simon is now M. Raphael Simon, a Cistercian monk at the Abbey of Our Lady of the Valley, Rhode Island.



# JOURNEY TO BARCLAY STREET

George N. Whittaker



**Mother Seton**

IN the early morning of March 25, 1805, the Feast of the Annunciation, Elizabeth Seton hurried down Broadway towards Barclay Street, her heart beating with expectation. She had been received into the Church a few days before and was now on her way to make her First Communion. Every step, every moment brought her that much closer to receiving Him. Had she prepared herself sufficiently? She assured herself again as she had so many times during the long night as she waited sleepless for the dawn. She rounded the corner of Barclay

Street. "Here I go, dear Lord, all heart to You."

**"It Is the Lord."** Mass began and her spirits swelled as Communion time drew nearer. It came at last. She waited for a few to go before her and then approached the rail and knelt down. Tears glistened in her eyes as she tilted back her head to receive her God. He was hers! Her heart was in raptures as she went back to the pew. Perhaps during her thanksgiving she thought of the letter she had written two years before:





**Paca Street, Baltimore,  
Mother Seton's First School.**

"How happy we would be if we believed what these dear souls believe. . . ."

For that letter had marked her first dim thoughts of conversion. She had been visiting Italy with her husband and had written to a friend in New Rochelle:

"How happy we would be if we believed what these dear souls believe—that they possess God in the sacrament and that He remains in their churches, and is carried to them when they are sick."

Encouraged by the good example of the devout Catholic family with which she was staying, she had begun to ask questions and to pray very earnestly for enlightenment. Many things influenced her final decision to embrace Catholicism but, above all, was a remarkable attraction to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Today the cause of Elizabeth Bayley Seton, wife, mother of five children, widow, convert, nun, and foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, is being considered by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome. She may yet become our first native-born American saint.

**Christ in Italy.** It is not likely that Elizabeth Seton even knew about the doctrine of the Real Presence until she went to Italy. In 1774, the year of her birth, there was not a single Catholic church in New York City. Mass was occasionally celebrated secretly in a tightly-shuttered house on Wall Street. It was 1785, when she was eleven years old, that St. Peter's was built on Barclay Street.

In 1803 William Seton, his wife and eight-year-old daughter sailed for Leghorn, Italy, leaving four younger children in the care of relatives. He was in very bad health and hoped that the mild climate of Italy would help him to recover his strength. The trip was in vain, however, for he died shortly after his arrival and was buried in Leghorn.



During the next few weeks, the young widow was given every comfort by the exemplary Filicchi family who had long been friends of her husband. To take her mind off her grief they showed her the sights of the beautiful Tuscany countryside. On one of these trips, Antonio Filicchi explained to her the Catholic teaching that bread and wine become, at the words of the priest, the body and blood of Christ. His words went straight to her heart; the impression never left her. When she returned to her room she could not put the idea out of her mind.

**Questions Answered.** If this were true, she thought, would it not explain a thousand things she had wondered about? That girl who had genuflected so devoutly as she passed along the street opposite the door of the chapel; the unearthly hush that came over the congregation at the Consecration at Mass; the inexpressible awe she knew when she saw a young priest open the door of the tabernacle with such loving care that "his soul seemed to enter before him."

A short time afterwards, she was at Mass with the Filicchis. At the very moment of the Consecration an English soldier whispered to her rather loudly, "This is what they call their Real Presence." A flush of shame came to her face at his crude interruption. The words of St. Paul rose to her mind: "They discern not

the Lord's Body." Suppose that God *were* really there. She was more silent than usual when she walked back to her breakfast.

On the return voyage to New York Mrs. Seton frequently talked about the Catholic religion with Antonio Filicchi who had decided to take this opportunity to settle some business matters in the United States while giving her the benefit of his protection during the long journey home. Both prayed fervently to God that He would give her the graces she would need to fulfill His will wherever that might lead her. When she reached New York her mind had been made up and she announced to her friends her decision to change her religion. The expected storm broke around her head. Antonio had gone on to Philadelphia and his absence deprived her of a needed source of strength.

**Objections from Outside.** Some of the objections her friend, the brilliant Henry Hobart, rector of Trinity Church, put to her she could answer without difficulty.

"Would you leave the religion in which you were baptized?" he asked her.

"Of course, if I found it were not the true one."

"Do you really believe that there are as many Gods as there are tens of millions of blessed hosts throughout the world?"

"Is it not God who does it? Did

He not multiply the loaves and fishes?"

Another friend asked her somewhat impatiently, "Would a woman of your social standing associate herself with those shabby Irish Catholics of Barclay Street?"

"Would it be right to judge my religion by the kind of clothes worn by the people who belong to it?" she answered with that disarming simplicity so characteristic of saints.

**Help from Theologians.** The historical and theological questions she did not feel herself competent to answer. Nevertheless she made every effort to look into both sides of the question fairly. She listened to the arguments of Reverend Hobart and read the books which he brought to her; she studied Bossuet's *Treatise on the Catholic Faith*; she read letters of advice from Bishop Carroll of Baltimore and Father Cheverus of Boston. More and more the Catholic claims seemed to her to be unanswerable. Yet, to keep some kind of peace, she had to make compromises.

On one Sunday she went to St. Paul's, the church where she had been married. She slipped into a side pew so that she could look over to St. Peter's on Barclay Street where she pictured the little tabernacle with the

great picture of the crucifixion over it. ". . . I found myself twenty times speaking to the Blessed Sacrament there instead of looking at the naked altar where I was, or minding the routine of prayers," she wrote to Antonio's wife at Leghorn.

**Journey's End.** The struggle went on. The climax came the day she attended a communion service at St. George's. How well she knew the Protestant teaching that Christ was "only spiritually present." Yet, because the prayers had been taken from the pre-Reformation prayer book, all the words were addressed to Christ as really present in flesh and blood. When the bishop came to the words "Body and Blood of Christ" she became, as she herself described it, "half crazy" with doubts. If she had gone to church a Protestant, she returned home a Catholic.

The journey of Elizabeth Seton to Barclay Street began the career of a great American convert. Today on any weekday at old St. Peter's you can see an occasional non-Catholic pause and wonder as Catholics rush in and out at the busy lunch hour. And sometimes this little meditation starts someone else on the spiritual journey that Elizabeth Seton took.

*We all get approximately what we deserve but not always in the same proportion.*



# *Like A Breeze*

Elizabeth Sharp

GENTLY like a breeze it came. It was not a spectacular conversion, not a pentecost storm, but a hushed breathlessness of Christmas Eve. There was no mental upheaval, no weighty discussion, no painful rejecting of tradition.

## **Pasadena and Winnie - the - Pooh.**

I had been christened according to the ritual of the Anglican Church in my birthplace, Pasadena, California. As far as I can remember God was scarcely mentioned at home. My father must have read some Bible stories to me, but Winnie-the-Pooh impressed my imagination more deeply than did Joseph and his brethren. I was, however, aware of God's existence and I trusted implicitly in Him. Once, during an illness, I prayed to Him to make me well—and He did. Baptism had not failed to bestow the gift of faith.

When I was eight, my family migrated to Europe. It was a migration in every sense of the word, as each subsequent move of the family establishment proved to be. Nothing was lacking—from my father's crate of oil paintings and Pal, our wild police dog, to my accumulation

of stuffed animals. The latter soon outgrew their allotted space in grandmother's ancient trunk, and on future travels were consigned to the depths of a large gray laundry bag from whence fierce growls and plaintive squeaks surprised red caps and spectators throughout European stations.

We first went to Germany and settled in Munich for the winter. That was in 1930. The family's interests were divided there. My father pursued his art, painted and sketched, visited the magnificent galleries with me, and used sign language in the art supply store. My sister began her dramatic studies, attended the theater and opera regularly, and gave me more stuffed toys. My mother divided her time between us two. It was with her that I visited Munich's wonderful churches.

## **Munich and Cathedrals.**

Father's reactions to Germany were those of an American. He admired or criticized according to U. S. standards. The external beauty of Catholic practices appealed to his aesthetic sense, but he was too Protestant to penetrate further. Actually, he was al-

ways lonely and out of his element.

Mother was a born European—a traveler, intellectual, art connoisseur, lover of comfort and splendor. Catholicism offered more to her than to father. Never having clung to any religion in particular, and having wearily waded through most of the conflicting European philosophies, she was able to ponder the mystery of Catholicism more objectively.

One day mother and I were standing under the choir loft of the cathedral. We gazed down the vast nave at the delicate Gothic main altar, depicting scenes from the life of Mary. High above, golden stars twinkled on the blue vaulted ceiling. Presently two ladies in mourning with a little girl in white between them passed before the sanctuary. They genuflected and went on. Quite a simple act; but they never knew how it affected me. I stood there, several hundred yards away—a child lost in that mighty interior. I felt at home and yet a stranger, for well I knew the difference between Catholic and Protestant. That little girl belonged in this serene and silent beauty; it was her right, and not mine, to genuflect before that altar. I might do it, alone, unobserved, but the act did not belong to me. Envy, almost bitter envy, rose up in my heart toward that little girl. For the first time the thought became defined and formulated—something I could lay my childish finger on: I

wanted to be like her, with a right to do as she did. Never a word of this did I mention to the adults.

**After Envy.** Then one day mother and I were browsing in a little store on the Theresienstrasse. She had just brought me from the doctor and was no doubt looking for some little thing to cheer me up. She was wonderful to me. The store was typical of those innumerable small businesses which flourish in a still democratic economy. They are handed down from father to son, secure a livelihood for part of the family and a home as well. The owner was a typical Bavarian woman—stout, good-natured and kind to children. I remember her figure behind the counter. I remember, too, that before we left, she produced a holy card and gave it to me with a kindly word. I took it.

That holy card was my treasure for many years. It showed our Lord holding the chalice and host. Below the picture were the words, "*Wer mein Fleisch isst und mein Blut trinkt, der bleibt in mir und ich in ihm.*" "He who eats my flesh and drinks my blood abides in me and I in him." No one needed to explain it to me. I accepted it, the promise and all, and I loved it.

When we returned to Munich, I was put in a private school on the Karlstrasse. Mother faithfully accompanied me back and forth on the streetcar. Two blocks from school



was the St. Bonifaz basilica, built by the cultured King Ludwig I of Bavaria. As soon as we discovered this church, I insisted on visiting it every day before school. It was a sad disappointment when the streetcar was late and prevented my doing so.

The beauty of the basilica was different from that of the cathedral. It was much lower and wider for its size. Potted trees stood along the rows of smooth round columns, and the main altar had no carved reredos. Instead, the apse was covered with a lovely fresco of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist. I used to kneel at the rear of this church and pour out my heart in prayer—telling God anything and everything, especially that I was happy to be there and hated to go. Mother always bore a long-suffering countenance and let me pray by myself. After that, whenever we passed a church it was customary for us to drop in.

**Our Lord First.** At school, Catholics and Lutherans were separated for religious instruction. This re-awakened my old envy. The priest came to teach the Catholics. The rest of us had only one of the women teachers who had nothing fascinating about her and whose method was boring besides. Our books were illustrated in black and white and were chiefly about the Old Testament; theirs had lovely colored pictures showing our Lord. It was He

who interested me, not Abraham and Isaac.

When prayers were said in common, the Catholics crossed themselves, but we just stood there, stupidly, as I thought. I was not going to be stupid, so I would turn my back to the class, pretend to gaze out the window and cross myself secretly. Once only did I go to a Protestant service and then did not like it much. Mother and I often went to High Mass in the various churches. It was wonderful. I revelled in the splendid Masses of the best composers and their perfect renditions.

Soon the summer rolled around and we made for the Tirolean alps again. First near Innsbruck, then in Kufstein, the beauties of nature, imbued with the Catholic charm and simplicity of the peasants, penetrated my child's heart. When out on walks, I would run ahead of my father or mother and pause at one of the many wayside shrines to kneel and tell our Lord I loved Him. I would genuflect secretly—not yet knowing the difference between a picture and the Real Presence. Pal would caper along with me, yapping joyously. Going to Sunday Mass was quite an ordeal sometimes when the church was packed with peasants. But I did not mind and mother was stoical.

**Lesson from Living.** Thus three years slipped away. As usual, I learned more by living than from

books. I learned on my own; and I thought a lot by myself. No one ever expressly encouraged my piety; I surely had no confidant or companion on those early spiritual explorations. The faith unfolded itself to me naturally and simply. God was guiding me by love, as best a child is led, and I was arriving safely and easily where others have landed only after years of struggle. That holy card was my comrade. Since then it has vanished and I cannot say whether it was given away or lost. To the donor, however, I owe a very big debt which God alone can pay.

In late summer, 1933, we returned to Pasadena. To me, it was home no longer. "Home" was and remained Bavaria, where I found the Faith. Mother was neither surprised nor opposed when I told her I wanted to be a Catholic. My sister agreed to join with me. Much sorrow had visited our family recently, and they were just discovering the consolations of religion. One keen sorrow was the necessity of our leaving Europe and the rise of the Nazis. We knew it was the beginning of the end.

We went to the curate of St. Andrew's and began taking instructions. Soon I was enrolled in the fifth grade of the parish school. My sister and I were received into the Church in October. Our godmother was herself a convert. Our godfather was a saintly old Irishman who lived between rectory and con-

vent. It was the day of days. I venture to say that it meant more to me than to anyone else.

**Communion in Pasadena.** Then came the preparation for First Holy Communion. I was put in the grade with the babies to learn about the Real Presence. The other curate was in charge. He was very kind. I remember one day in particular, he took me out to the street corner. He wanted to convince himself of my sincere belief in Jesus' really being in the Blessed Sacrament. It was the first time someone had spoken heart to heart to me about the Faith. I felt very special.

We then joined the class and went over to practice our first confession. I was, however, so distracted by the magnitude of impending events that I got confused and thought this was the time for the real confession, not the practice one. I could not understand why Father made me stop when I was about to tell my sins. Anyway, lighthearted because of assurance of forgiveness, I left the confessional and fervently made my thanksgiving. There was no penance, so I made one up. The importunities of my little banged and cross-eyed neighbor did not bother me. She kept shaking me and persisting, "Did you have to tell your sins?"

Another amusing incident resulted from the fact that the curate had told us before the practice to tell



him our names so he could make sure each one knew how to go about it. Confused again, of course I thought one was supposed to tell one's name every time before confessing. What was my shock—and the priest's, too—when I went the second time and announced, "This is Elizabeth Sharp." "WHO?!" he demanded in a very startled tone, expecting to hear some terrible story.

It was near Christmas when I made my First Holy Communion. Unfortunately, I did not go with the class, and so missed all the ceremony and excitement. I am not sure of the exact day, nor do I remember when my sister made hers—whether it was with me or not. That was a detail normally cared for by adults—children never think of future recollections. But it was neglected. The only souvenir I have is a little white prayer book, the gift of my godmother.

**Stand by Reason.** My father was not pleased by the step we had taken.

And so there was a note of sorrow then—as always—in my happiest experiences. But it did not shake me. For three years more I carried on alone, supported only externally by mother and sister. My child's confidence in the Friend I had found never wavered—even in crises when the adults were despairing.

A deep devotion to our Lady came much later. Somehow, she had been neglected in those early impressions that influenced me most. And yet I cannot forget that it was in her church that I started on the road toward her Son.

What faith had begun, reason later confirmed. During my teens I seized everything that would instruct me. In this world of unbelief knowledge is of great importance. It is great to be able to say that you know the reasons for the faith that is in you. To investigate, to champion, to explain the faith is the duty of every soldier of Christ! I want to be able to help those to whom faith may not come so easily as to me.



*It would be a strange world if everything was done as  
YOU would have it.*

*Ten million fallen-aways! Here are some of the things you can do about it.*

# How To Reclaim Lost Catholics

Cornelius McGraw

IT WAS a small mining town. "Where is the church?" I asked. "Over there," was the reply. "Why that's a Baptist church," I answered. "You people are all Italians. Where is the Catholic church?" "There isn't any . . . we are all Baptists." The minister was an Italian, too. All these people had been baptized Catholics. There was a Catholic church in the next camp, only a mile away. The preacher explained the situation. "When you Catholics neglected these people, I took care of them."

That the country is full of fallen-away and non-practicing Catholics is no secret. The number has been placed as high as ten millions. One of our Diocesan papers published (1946) a report on a religious survey made by sisters of parish visitation in fourteen parishes of the diocese. The parishes ranged from 34 families to 1,199 families. In all there were 6,313 families and 1,338 single individuals. There were 690 invalid marriages. . . . 164 divorces and 68 separations. Unbaptized chil-

dren numbered 323 and 293 children had been baptized by Protestant ministers. A total of 983 had not made their Easter duty and 236 had not received their First Communion. In spite of the fact that facilities are adequate and that school laws are strictly enforced in the diocese, 613 children were in public elementary schools.

We American Catholics have become foreign mission-minded in recent years. We contribute millions of dollars each year for this cause. We gladly send our sons and daughters to convert the heathen in foreign lands. We know all about the missions in China and India and the Fiji Islands and "darkest Africa." For all of which thank God. But we seem unaware of the problem across the alley or down the street. We haven't heard of the millions of Mexicans and Cubans and Puerto Ricans dumped on our shores by economic necessity. Neither do we know of the thousands of Italians and Canadians who are a problem in many a



diocese. The immigrant problem is still with us. All these people are members of the Mystical Body of Christ; they are Catholics; our very own. We give dollars for convert making: isn't it time we gave pennies to preserve the faith where it already exists? With little effort we bring in 100,000 converts a year; isn't it time for a little effort at reclamation? . . . thousands are waiting for a word of invitation. Perhaps your word.

What can you do?

(1) You can pray. A crusade of prayer will get results. Why not dedicate the First Friday of the month to the great work of preserving the faith among our own? Your Mass and Communion and your Holy Hour would be a fine contribution. We could well imitate Miss M. . . . She was near eighty. "Father, I want to give you something for your mission. Here is some money for Masses . . . say low Masses . . . for my family. . . . I want to get them all into heaven." We should be anxious that all Catholics . . . all those "of the household of the faith" get into heaven.

(2) Urge the sick and the suffering to offer their pains and their aches for this great intention. The sufferings of the Mystical Body avail much.

(3) Join any organization doing salvage work; the Legion of Mary; St. Vincent de Paul Society. Become a "fisher" in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

(4) Better still, start a one man, or one woman, campaign . . . in your own home . . . amongst your relatives . . . amongst fellow workers in office or shop . . . amongst your neighbors. Surely amongst these there is one non-practical Catholic. One who does not pray . . . one who does not assist at Mass . . . one who has not received the Sacraments for years . . .

one who has not received first Holy Communion . . . one who is married invalidly . . . one whose baby is not baptized . . . one whose children are not attending the

Catholic school. What an outlet for your zeal.

Most fallen-away or careless Catholics would like to change their ways. But they have made a mistake. They are afraid; they are ashamed. Fear and human respect stand in the way. They need a friend. A little zeal and a lot of tact on your part will do the job. In some cases a little penance may prove necessary. The Church has her days of abstinence and fast for just such a purpose. And then, too, love is ingenious. Where there is love there is a way.

You don't have to be a perfect

Catholic yourself to do your bit for others. A woman out of the Church herself brought a couple to the rectory to have their marriage "blessed." An Irishman came to me with a convert. . . . "Sure and I'm going to be his godfather." "Did you make your Easter duty?" I asked. "Ah, Father, and I'm ashamed to tell you I haven't been for three years." The convert brought back the careless Catholic. We need a sort of "Fallen-aways Anonymous."

Others are doing it. The diocese of Mobile has an annual drive for fallen-away Catholics. The Bishop demands a report. I was giving a mission and urged the people to bring in the careless and the fallen-away. A few nights later a young lady of about sixteen rang the door bell. When the door was opened a crowd burst into the room. The young lady was herding them in . . . and crying out: "I got 'em, Father; I got 'em.

Six of 'em. These two ain't married right; this one ain't baptized; these three haven't made their First Communion. And they all want to." On another occasion I was in the confessional. An old lady stuck her head in and said: "Father, the next one ain't been for ten years. Be good to him." The penitent evidently was hesitant, but militant Christianity shoved him into the confessional where he landed in a heap . . . the door was slammed after him. A good Catholic directed us to an old colored couple . . . they had never been married though they had lived together for near a century. . . . The groom was 103. He just hadn't gotten around to gettin' married and besides he never could spare the two dollars for a license.

Let's try to sell the idea to a friend. If each of us will induce another Catholic to bring back a fallen-away, we shall really start something.

*"There are today in the arsenals of the great powers, weapons,—chemical, biological, and climatological,—more devastating than the atom bomb, capable of exterminating the last vestige of human, animal, and vegetable life from the earth. They are being manufactured at this moment."—Rear Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias, U. S. N. (Ret.), from "United Nations World," November, 1947.*



# Parishes

Jerome P. Holland



LET'S BE MORE  
SOCIABLE

THE humility of sincere non-Catholics who seek the good offices of a priest to help them to find their way into the Church is often disconcerting. Many of these good people are profuse in their apologies for "taking up so much of the priest's time," as if the very purpose of a priest's time were not to make known to them the Way and the Truth and the Life. They will ask rather timidly if it is permissible for them to attend services while under instruction. When they do get up enough courage to assist at a Sunday Mass on their own, they find it hard to overcome the feeling that they are intruding, as it were, into the intimacy of some family gathering to which they do not belong. Among the throngs who crowd the Sunday Masses, they feel lost and lonesome.

**Mat of Welcome.** Even after they have been received into the Church formally, it takes considerable time for some converts to overcome the feeling that they are not welcome.

This is especially true of those who have been faithful members of some tidy little Protestant congregation. There the welcome mat was always out for the casual visitor. Such a convert is chilled by the seeming indifference of Catholics towards each other. He is puzzled by the absence of real sociability even among the more devout who assist at daily Mass and devotional exercises. The aloofness of the modern Catholic from his fellows in the Faith seems to be a far cry from that charity of the early Christians which led astonished pagans to exclaim: "How these Christians love one another!"

There does seem to be something in this. I do not think that I exaggerate at all when I say that it is possible for two people to assist at the same Mass in the same church, Sunday after Sunday for years, without ever reaching the stage of a nodding acquaintance with each other. Our Catholic parishes are not notable for their sociability, and its absence is a considerable stumbling

block to many a possible convert.

In the larger city parishes the excess of numbers, the close time schedule of Masses and the customary haste about everything which is part of the city-dweller's life, admittedly offer obstacles to sociability. But even the smaller country parishes are more notable for the "touch-and-go" atmosphere than for warm friendliness.

The fact of the matter is, I think, that we make no effort to develop parish sociability through the natural

meeting of our parishioners at Mass and devotional exercises. There are, of course, meetings of parish groups and societies. But they are confined to the few, and the sense of intrusion is more keenly felt by the non-Catholic or the convert at such meetings than it is at Sunday Mass.

### **Handshake, Too.**

It seems to me that the pastor and the priests of any parish hold the key to the solution of this problem. In the nature of his calling, every priest is intensely interested in "preaching the gospel to every creature." Every Catholic, too, has a proper and personal share in this Divine mission. The Pearl of Great Price, which is our Faith, was not given to any of us to keep locked up and carefully guarded within our own souls. It was given to us to be shared with others not yet so favored in the Providence of God. Under the lead-

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When the Mass is over, our people run. Father Holland wants to know if we can't do a little bit about it.

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ership, direction and guidance of their parish priests, our Catholic people should be made conscious of their call to share the Faith. To this end a sensible, practical and realistic approach to the problem of sociability at parish services ought to be initiated.

I think no lowering of priestly dignity would be involved if all our parish priests were to emulate our

Protestant brethren who, as ministers of congregations, feel compelled to conclude their services with a "handshaking

session" at the church door. Entirely too many even of our own Catholic people know their priests only at a distance.

I was a year and a half in one parish when a couple of slightly myopic parishioners came to the rectory one evening. After greeting me respectfully they asked: "You are new around here, Father, aren't you? We have never seen you before." When I had identified myself to their satisfaction, they explained apologetically that they had seen me only at Sunday Mass, in vestments, or in the pulpit. If our own people do not recognize us, how can we make any impression on our non-Catholic parishioners? A few regular Sunday morning sessions at the church doors would enable all who come to Mass to at least know their priests. Such sessions, too, would go far towards making the casual non-Catholic visitor





*Ewing Galloway.*

### **"Ite Missa Est . . ."**

feel at home and welcome. A friendly and warm reception with a few kind words could make him want to come back again. Seeds planted through Christian charity on such occasions can ripen into the fruit of a conversion. We never really know the full effect of a few kind words.

**Help Catholics Mix.** In every parish the pastor can find a number of friendly, sociable people who have the gift of mixing easily with others and of being cordial in an unobtrusive way. The trustees, the ushers, the of-

ficers of parish societies, workers and people who readily serve on committees for parish affairs, can give able assistance to their priests in this matter of parish sociability. Most of us have a natural curiosity about other people. Much of the chit-chat that goes on in the homes of parishioners after Sunday Mass concerns those who were noticed at Mass, identified or unidentified. Men are less likely to show interest in those who are noticed at Mass, but the women, if only out of clothes consciousness, miss very few. Many a young Cath-

olic girl has yearned for an introduction to some personable young man whom she has carefully noted regularly at Mass—and vice versa—but she has never been able to fulfill that desire. Many an interested non-Catholic has come and gone in a crowd at Sunday Mass never to return simply because no one seemed to care.

We ought to care. We ought to be concerned, all of us, priests and people alike. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you have love one for another." The simple courtesies of life sometimes bespeak more genuine love for one another than the extravagance of generosity under pressure. Very little real effort is required to generate friendly sociability among the parishioners who assist at Sunday Mass in any parish, no matter how large or small. A few kind words, a cheerful smile, a sincere greeting bring such rich dividends even in personal pleasure that the spiritual reward of the charity involved might be classified easily as "excess profits."

We underestimate the influence of sociability upon our non-Catholic parishioners. From afar many look upon us and our treasures of spirituality with awe and admiration, hoping dimly that they may somehow be invited to share them with us. But the kind word is never said and the invitation never extended. What exists as reverential fear too often hardens into bitterness against the Faith. Some of our worst enemies might possibly

have become our best friends, with a few kind words. We are all too ready to excoriate with righteous indignation the predatory propagandists of Communism and other evils. But too few of us play the Good Samaritan with so much as a gesture of willingness to be helpful to those who are victimized.

**A Smile May Win.** The warmth of sociability, which is nothing more than practical Christian charity, diffuses itself quickly through a parish. It enlarges the hearts of parishioners, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and brings many who would otherwise never hear the Word of God to the knowledge and love of Him Who is our Salvation. The struggle for the mastery of human souls is becoming more intense day by day. The time is long past when we need concede that "the children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light." A little more sociability would go a long way toward reaching those who are outside the True Fold, but for whom Christ died on the Cross.







## FROM MANHATTAN TO EARTH'S END

### movies

Mary Sheridan Nolan

IN GLANCING back and considering the films previewed during the past month, this reviewer is more or less amazed at the number of pictures that qualify as better than good entertainment. We must all feel that it has been too long since we had the opportunity to choose among a generous supply of worthwhile screen presentations. The cinema analyst would be hard pressed to find any trend in the group about to be discussed. They offer variety in subject matter, as well as in treatment. What they have in common is that each merits a trip to the theater.

**Boring New York.** When Mark Hellinger produced *The Naked City*, he built himself a memorial that will linger long in the memories of those who see the picture. This is dynamic entertainment, a rare kind that has really captured the tempo of the metropolis it depicts. Mr. Hellinger set out to bare the soul of a city. Using an adventurous tale of murder

and thievery as trimmings, he has done just that. In a kaleidoscopic journey, the camera takes the onlooker, downtown, uptown and all around New York, while narrator Hellinger describes life in a city crowded with millions of persons. From this teeming mass of humanity, he picks the tragic story of one girl who pays the wages for her sins. And then a manhunt is on. How the Homicide Squad tracks down every clue, ferrets out each suspect and eventually secures evidence against the guilty parties unfolds with continued suspense. As the police lieutenant who unravels the most important threads of the mystery, Barry Fitzgerald gives a memorable and appealing performance. Because this film was made right in New York City it is always authentic. The scenes on the East Side were photographed on the East Side. The scenes in a police station were shot in a police station, and so on throughout the picture. All this realism plus

those human bits that highlight the action, make this murder drama sure-fire box-office. There are adventure, suspense, pathos and comedy. This slice of life in a big city is entertainment never to be forgotten.

Maybe there is someone who has not heard of *The Miracle of the Bells*, but that seems doubtful. Between the publicity that this story received as a best seller, and the fanfare that came from the studios when it went into production for the silver screen, it ranks as one of the most publicized offerings of the year. And those who can swallow a large dose of interestingly contrived hokum will be

delighted with the film. It tells a sentimental story about an actress from a Pennsylvania coal town who dies before she reaches the Hollywood heights she aimed for. A publicity stunt executed by her press agent after her death, produces the results she dreamed of and renews hope and faith in the people of her community.

**Sinatra vs Crosby.** Fred MacMur-ray is well cast as the breezy press agent, while Valli is convincing and charming as the girl who finally brings a miracle to Coaltown. Maybe you will like Frank Sinatra's characterization as Father Paul, I did not. The story moves along at a good pace, while it paints portraits, not always too flattering, of the inhabitants of a dingy mining town. When the story reaches its climax through the pseudo-miracle, even the most un-responsive in the audience will find excitement in this fantastic yarn. *The Miracle of the Bells* is diverting filmfare and worth your while.

## Recommended

### FAMILY

The Fugitive  
Green Dolphin Street  
The Miracle of the Bells  
Road to Rio  
You Were Meant for Me

### ADULTS

A Double Life  
The Bishop's Wife  
Captain from Castile  
The Naked City  
The Pearl  
Sitting Pretty  
Treasure of Sierra Madre  
To the Ends of the Earth

*To the Ends of the Earth* may not make motion picture history but it will go on record as persuading the Production Code to permit the subject of narcotics to be treated on the screen. Here the treatment is tasteful and lacking in sensationalism. Let us hope that the dispensation granted will not let down bars that might at some future time weaken the forcefulness of this prohibition of the Code. According to screen

credits, material from the secret files of the Narcotics Bureau and of the Treasury Department has been used in the story. The whole is hair-raising melodrama, with action that jumps from San Francisco to China, to Egypt, to Cuba and back to the United States. As the Treasury agent dashes from continent to continent, hot on the trail of international opium smugglers, the mystery piles up. The final denouement is as hectic as the proceedings demand. Dick Powell gives another one of his tough characterizations and does it satisfactorily. This is a thrilling cops-and-robbers chase that leaves you breathless.

**Too Precious ■ Pearl.** For those cinemagoers who like to choose something completely off Hollywood's beaten path, there is *The Pearl*. Made in Mexico, with native actors, this is an adaptation of John Steinbeck's allegorical novel. The story tells of an Indian who finds a pearl of great price, and dreams of a future filled with the good things it can provide. But he acquires only unhappiness and heartbreak until he casts the gem back into the sea.

Unwound in a slow stilted manner, the symbolic tale takes second place in this production since the real hero of the film is the camerawork. There is so much artistry, so much beauty unfolded on the screen that the onlooker is dazzled by its brilliance. Panoramas of the sea, of the village and of the mountains are so eye-filling that the impact of the drama is often crowded out of one's consciousness. This is not for every moviegoer, but it will prove satisfying to those who prefer arty entertainment.

Last, but by no means least, comes *Sitting Pretty*, a comedy to split your sides with laughter. In this one, a baby-sitter looks at life in a rural community and mixes it up a bit for some of the inhabitants. Believe it or not, the baby-sitter is none other than the suave, the sophisticated Clifton Webb. Of course, he is no ordinary hireling, and the changes he brings about in the household of Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara furnish most of the fun. From start to finish this rollicking comedy is well acted and guarantees a good time to all who see it.

*Despite the signs of the times, Dr. Gallup reported, nine out of ten Americans told poll-takers this year that they were happy. In the face of the atom bomb, Russian aggression in Europe and the cost of living, this would indicate that Americans are what the Russians think the Russians are—i. e., "a toff people."*



# *The Devil and Clare Boothe Luce*

Thornton Delehanty

## **Screwtape.**

We had lunch the other day with Clare Boothe Luce in the commissary at Twentieth Century-Fox where the conversation was intended to revolve around "The Screwtape Letters," the C. S. Lewis homily on the devil and his underhand doings which Mrs. Luce had come to Hollywood some months ago to adapt to the screen.

## **Unwilling Witness.**

The project had escaped her; it was a terrible bust, and she explained why. It all boiled down to the fact that the devil does not lend himself, willingly or otherwise, to exploitation. Mrs. Luce made the point that, with the exception of "Faust" and one or two other works, stories and books and plays about the devil miss the mark. When the screen rights to the book were acquired C. S. Lewis stipulated that the devil must not be made attractive or winsome or alluring.

"That was one great difficulty," she said. "If you give the devil his due, then he must be portrayed as he really is, a revolting and horrible character. You can't put a story like

that on the screen. Another thing to remember is that the devil doesn't want publicity. He prefers to work underground, so it was part and parcel of his tactics that he would oppose a screen version of 'The Screwtape Letters' for the obvious reason that, if successfully done, it would show him up and that's the last thing he wants.

## **Devilish Tricks.**

"It is well known in theology that the devil's strategy is delay—delay and confusion. He went to work on me from the moment I signed the contract to come out here. Little things began to happen, exasperating little things. I bit into a sandwich just before leaving New York and I broke a tooth. That delayed my start for four days. In Chicago I was supposed to address a large gathering and I woke up with a sore throat and had to cancel the speech. I went to Detroit for another talk and my secretary put the wrong speech in my brief case. That's the way it went all along, nothing terrible, but just nasty little things. After I got here it contin-

ued. There were parties and more delays and when I got to work nothing seemed to come out right. I did a script and took it to Darryl Zanuck and when he read it he saw right away it didn't come off. So then I told him another idea I had in mind. He was very cute about it. He said, 'Go away and write it. Don't bother about treatments or story outlines. Write the whole script.' So I went to Arrowhead and in three weeks completed the job."

**A La Luce.** Mrs. Luce's new story was received enthusiastically by Zanuck and it will go into production this summer. It is an original, based on an experience she had last year when she encountered, in a New England village, two nuns who had come over from France to establish a religious retreat in this country. They had turned up in this small settlement, apparently from nowhere and certainly with no visible means of support. Yet by dint of their enthusiasm and good will they

had managed to wheedle not only land but money and co-operation from their crusty and skeptical neighbors.

**Warm and Human.** "It's actually true," Mrs. Luce said, "but of course I have altered some of the characters and introduced new ones and changed things around. What I have tried to put over is a warm and human and humorous story of faith. The nuns have their trials and struggles but the implacable way they go about their business of putting the bee on these hard-boiled New Englanders furnishes the theme.

Mrs. Luce made it clear that it was not only the persuasive power of the nuns that broke down their opposition but the plan itself, for the monastery they were to build would provide a haven for laymen, especially for artists and writers, and without regard to creed. It is a place where any one may go who wishes to lead the contemplative life.

—*Herald Tribune.*



*If an argument gets complicated or hard to understand, some people start calling names to cover up their confusion and ignorance.*



## YOUTH STAGES A CLEAN-UP

# radio

Joseph F. Scheuer

"THERE'S no doubt about it," a radio columnist recently wrote, "radio comics are cleaning up." A large share of the credit for radio's clean-up goes to the Radio Acceptance Poll, the pet of a large group of energetic collegiates sparked by the National Federation of Catholic College students. The poll has been rating comedy programs for over seventeen consecutive weeks on the basis of moral acceptability. "Fibber McGee and Molly" rate tops most consistently. Bob Hope's show is called the "worst show on the air." The poll works something like this:

**Oscar Nobody Wants.** Representatives of more than 50,000 students in over a hundred Catholic colleges have joined with a similar number of Newman Clubs and a score of sectarian institutions under the leadership of the Press commission of the National Federation of Catholic College Students. Ballots are sent to

Commission headquarters at St. Joseph's of Indiana, Collegeville, Indiana. Approximately ten different students in each school each week "rate" by balloting the programs. The ideal is as great a cross-section of college student opinion as possible over the thirty-nine weeks of the current broadcast season.

At the end of this time an "oscar in reverse," a trophy no comedian will be proud to receive, is to be given to the person or persons in radio comedy who rate lowest. They will thereby receive the stigma they deserve. More positively, the highest raters, those persons who top the tabulations because of the quality of their performances in the opinion of the collegians, will receive their awards in public commendation.

"Acceptability" is determined in this poll by the listener's answer to the question: "What would I think of a stranger walking into my home and in the presence of my loved



ones making the remarks this radio entertainer is making?" On the ballots provided by the Press Commission of the NFCCS for this purpose, the college pollster is asked to mark one of five "degrees" of good taste: highly acceptable, acceptable, barely acceptable, unacceptable, objectionable, for each of the personalities appearing on the programs.

Anyone with the mildest habit of listening to radio comedy is aware of the great number of shows which, in spite of careful censorship by the networks, thrive on off-color remarks, double-meaning jokes and suggestive situations. Millions of homes are invaded weekly by this subtle smut and certain elements always eager to acclaim and popularize evil, are noisy with approval.

■ **A P.** The college students co-operating with the NFCCS are just as eager to be loud in disapproval of the off-color and in approval of the fine and decent. Their device for the worst is the R A P. It is original and it represents an influential public effort to make good morals fashionable. The collegians consider this their privileged participation in Christ's own campaign for decency and high standards.

To the present writer it has seemed that certain Catholic circles have been too skeptical of publicity, statistics, "nose-counting." Undoubtedly this attitude stems from the fact that so much evil, so much super-

ficiality, has been made "fashionable" and commercially profitable in this way. Certainly, honest men are right in their demand for more objective means of evaluation. Much of today's scientism is due to the popular fiction, the popular mechanics magazines, the Sunday Supplements, which have high-pressured, propagandized, and forced unfounded or false scientific theories down unsuspecting American gullets, to the detriment of religious ideals and principles and to the advancement of commercial interests.

But fundamentally, propaganda and publicity are neither right nor wrong; good nor bad. Their goodness or evil hangs upon their purpose. And the purpose of the Radio Acceptance Poll is definitely good and inspired by high ideals—the realization of Christ's high standards in the field of radio entertainment.

**Test for Youth.** College faculties, civic and religious leaders, men of both press and radio industries see this poll as a definite challenge to our youth; will they efficiently and effectively reveal the influence of their higher education when they judge the values implicit in modern radio entertainment? If cultural values implanted in schools of higher learning ever had a chance to be vocal, it is certainly here. Members of network management as well as men of the entertainment world are watching. In a recent broadcast Jimmie

Fidler had something to say about  
R A P:

"The faces of many radio comedians must be red as a result of the 'acceptability poll' which was conducted on the campuses of American colleges and universities in an effort to classify radio comics on the basis of good taste. . . . In topping this poll (a comedian) should consider that he has won the highest

honor the college students could bestow. . . . Those comedians who were rated as barely acceptable, should feel disgraced. And here's a word of warning to them: millions of older radio listeners have long resented the smuttiness of a few radio comedians. If young America is beginning to take offense too, the comics who persist in vileness may not be with us much longer."

## Why Become a Catholic?

*Take the modern man who boasts of the right to believe just what he wishes and no more—to worship how, if, when, and as much as he pleases and no more. Why in the world should he deliberately shackle his mind and his body to a Church that insists he believe everything it teaches, and worship and live as it directs? Yes, why in the world?*

*Facts, thought, humility, and courage form the foursome that brings thousands into the Church yearly. Misrepresentation, superficiality, egoism, and faintheartedness form the quartet which leads from indifferentism to modernism to atheism.*

*"Shackled minds?" Surely not those that bind themselves to "the Truth that makes us free." Rather those enslaved by the thought that God's complete truths are lost or confused or really not very important after all.*

*All types of persons each year join the Church founded for all types of people—scientists, educators, authors, professional men, and clergymen.*

*Why in the world should anyone become a Catholic? No worldly reason, certainly; but the world will some day die—and the soul goes on and on forever.—Michigan Catholic.*

# Shame on the Bishop

John B. Sheerin

GARFIELD BROMLEY OXNAM was ordained to the Methodist ministry in 1916. Assigned to his first parish in the little town of Poplar, California, he arrived to find the President of the Church Trustees out in the fields harvesting. Taking up a pitchfork, he held his first pastoral conference, driving his points home with a thrust of the fork. Of late years he has been head-lined for his hobby of sticking the prongs into the Catholic Bishops of America.

Bishop Oxnam is a vigorous preacher. Tall, heavy-set, his delivery is business-like and dynamic. He talks with machine-gun rapidity, pounding his palm with his fist to emphasize his points. Author of a volume entitled *Facing the Future Unafraid*, he is not afraid to battle the growing menace of the Roman Church.

**Aggressive.** Bishop Oxnam is an important person. Former head of the Federal Council of Churches and most vocal of all Methodist spokesmen, he cannot be ignored when he steps into a pulpit—armed to the

teeth. Yet we find that many Protestants disapprove his anti-Catholic attitude and dissent from his opinions. It is naturally a consolation for us Catholics to hear our Protestant friends disclaiming a preacher of bigotry in these days when the Ku Klux Klan is once again burning the fiery cross. We hope that all Methodists will read these words of Rev. Ralph W. Sockman in *Protestantism*, a volume issued by the Commission of Courses of Study, Methodist Church (1944):

"Not only must we refuse to play upon our parishioners' fears, but we should set ourselves to help rid society of those pestiferous writers, secretaries, broadcasters, and agitators who make a living rousing the prejudices of people by stirring up their fears of other groups."

Certainly the good Protestant will resent the Bishop's use of cheap oratorical tricks. Speaking to a Ministerial Association in Manchester, N. H., recently, he prayed to be delivered from temptation while digging his pitchfork into Archbishop Cushing. "I do not think we ought





*Bachrach.*

### **Archbishop Cushing**

to hold against the Archbishop the fact that the Vatican signed treaties with Hitler and Mussolini, and that high dignitaries of the Church have been closely associated with Fascist leaders. It doesn't become Christians to talk in this fashion." Bishop Oxnam's Judas kiss reminds us of Roman days when the demagogue would say of his opponent: "I pass over in silence the obvious fact that my rival is a thief, murderer and drunkard."

For many years Bishop Oxnam has been agitating for a vigorous anti-Catholic program on the part of Protestantism. Like Margaret Sanger he had to meet and vanquish many obstacles before he could arrive at the consummation that he devoutly wished. But a few months ago, his dream-child was born. The feverish labor of years had its culmination (or denouement) in the formation of a remarkable fraternity of peacemakers called "Protestants and Other Americans United for the Separation of Church and State." The very name has a ring to it: it suggests the freedom and wide open spaces of an empty mind, and a spirit as broad as a skeleton's ankle.

You will note the United American Separators claim that the American

Hierarchy aims to dominate the American Government so that they will be in a position to establish Catholicism as the official religion of the United States. As proof of this conspiracy, the organization cites two facts. First, the attempt to secure free transportation for Catholic-school children, and secondly, the maintenance of Mr. Taylor as President Truman's personal envoy to the Vatican.

**Plot.** About the second charge, most Protestants are probably perplexed. They find it hard to detect the fine hand of Roman diplomacy in an arrangement whereby a Baptist president appoints another Protestant as his envoy. And they wonder why the embattled Bishop objects to an envoy to Vatican City without at the same time objecting to the American Ambassador to Britain whose ruler is the Head of the Church of England.

But the United Separators are chiefly disturbed by the fact that Catholic-school children get free bus rides to school in some states. And, oh perish the thought, some states are so depraved as to give free lunches to these children. Unconstitutional and un-American, says Bishop Oxnam, are those state laws that allow public funds to be diverted for such purposes. And in the very existence of these laws he sees sinister evidence of Roman machination. They are the "thin edge of the wedge" that

Archbishop Cushing and his cohorts have inserted in the "wall of partition between Church and State erected by the First Amendment."

The First Amendment says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." In the New Jersey bus transportation case, the Supreme Court ruled that the New Jersey law providing free transportation for children of Catholic schools was not a violation of the First Amendment. That Court laid down the obvious ruling that no citizen should be excluded from the benefits of public-welfare legislation on religious grounds.

State aid to religious schools is thoroughly American. It was the established policy of the early American colonies. Madison and Jefferson, who were the chief framers of the First Amendment, were accustomed to this policy. They desired to outlaw, not a mutual dependence of Church and State nor established churches within the various states, but an establishment of one religion as dominant over other religions within the nation. The term "wall of separation between Church and State" dates back to a remark of Jefferson made to the Baptists of Connecticut. At that time the Congregationalists were the established religion of Connecticut, and it was to proscribe such official establishment within the nation that he helped to write the First Amend-

ment. Unfortunately the Supreme Court in its decision on the Illinois public-school case (March 8th) ruled religious teaching in public schools unconstitutional. Counsel for the appellant had declared: "Religious teachers have no more right in a school building than a peanut vendor. . . ."

**The Bishop Errs.** Bishop Oxnam presumes that the public-school system is the only officially approved system of education here. Nothing could be further from the truth. He apparently has not read the Oregon School Case of 1924, a Supreme Court case approving private schools in its decision. The public-school is a departure from the early American tradition: it was devised by Liberals who wanted to exclude religion from education. Today, Protestant leaders recognize not only the motive for the exclusion, but the sad results as well. Godless education generally means Godless and immoral students, except in the case of public-school pupils whose parents provide religious home-training. Dr. Erwin L. Shaver, director of week-day religious education for the International Council of Religious Education, recently said: "Religion must be included in and related to the child's other learning." Dr. Shaver is but one of the many Protestants who are keenly aware of the defects of our contemporary public school system, and determined to remedy them.



Bishop  
G.  
Bromley  
Oxnam

*N. Y. Times.*

Judge Swift has ventured the opinion that Oxnam's organization will fall under the dead weight of its own intolerance. There are many signs to justify our hope that Protestants generally will repudiate the bigoted Bishop, and that they will take a more sober and thoughtful attitude toward the problem of Church-State relations. Last summer, appeals for more positive Protestantism and less anti-Catholicism were made by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary, New York; Dr. Douglas Horton, executive-secretary of the Congregational Churches, and by Mr. Stanley High, an editor of the *Reader's Digest*. A cool, judicious approach to Church and State questions has been advocated lately by Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, Education and Research Director of the Federal Council of Churches and also by Dean Luther Weigle of Yale Divinity School.

**Witnesses.** Numerous Protestants have pointed the finger of shame directly at Bishop Oxnam. William Loeb, publisher of the *New Hampshire Morning Union* protests that

he has "long been shamed and mortified by the un-American behavior of Bishop Oxnam and his followers." He then goes on to say that they are not representative Protestants, and that he knows that most Methodists repudiate "these slanders of Bishop Oxnam." In a similar vein are the sentiments of Dr. Howard Kiroack, founder and executive vice-president of the Laymen's National Committee. He is a Protestant and his organization is predominantly of that faith. In a statement issued at Detroit on February 2nd he brands the Oxnam organization "a disgraceful attempt on the part of a self-seeking group well-known for their leftist leanings to foster discord. . . ." In view of present world conditions he says that "they are doing irreparable harm to both the Protestant faith and our country."

These judgments as to the Americanism of Bishop Oxnam and his associates are justified by their records. The Bishop himself is editorial adviser to *The Protestant*, a misnamed periodical repudiated by the Protestant churches; a member of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship; he has been associated with Red Fronts like the "North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy," and the "American League Against War and Fascism" which was acknowledged by Earl Browder to be a Communist "transmission belt." Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat, the President of the



Oxnam organization, is listed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities for several Communist affiliations. The third vice-president, Dr. John A. McKay, was active on *The Protestant* and in the "American Friends of Spanish Democracy."

While we Catholics look calmly upon the hornets' nest stirred up by Bishop Oxnam, we trust the good judgment and good-will of our Protestant friends. We are faced with a Totalitarian terror against which

all Christians should unite, and as Archbishop Cushing says, we cannot afford the luxury of "feuding, fighting and fussing" with other believers in God. Our duty is to keep our minds clear and our hearts free of bitterness. If America should go down, the Catholic Church in America will suffer with it. But we have every reason to hope that both Church and Nation will be up-and-doing long after the Bishop and his pitchfork are laid to their eternal rest.

## The Tragic Loss

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C.S.C.

*We build great universities where youth  
May learn of art and science, beast and bird,  
Yet in these halls of universal truth  
The hallowed name of God may not be heard;  
By force of law, religion must be banned,  
The fountain-head of truth must be ignored,  
Leading the youthful mind to understand  
It needs no aid or guidance from the Lord.*

*When life is freighted deep with destiny  
And the young soul is plunged in constant strife,  
Can it be short of human tragedy  
That God should be uprooted from his life?  
And that our schools should quench the only light  
That has the power to pilot youth aright?*

# "TORCH-BEARERS"

John J. O'Connor

When John J. O'Connor, president of the Washington unit of the Catholic Evidence Guild and professor of history at Georgetown University talks on Catholic doctrine, even the most bored with life take notice. This man with 15 years of Guild experience can hold and handle any group as he lightly moves from the atom bomb into the moral issue of the "end justifying the means."

Back in 1932 when he first started in Franklin Park, O'Connor didn't have such facility. He only had a nervous stomach. The talk that had taken thirty minutes to deliver in the privacy of his room took only ten minutes before the crowd. In general, the afternoon wasn't too successful. But he will never forget it, he says, because it propelled him from the Church Dormant into the Church Militant.

After picking up his Ph.D. at Georgetown, he married Eleanor Crowley whom he had met at a Guild meeting in Judiciary Square where she had intrigued a crowd of unbelievers by a well-reasoned peppery talk on the Church and the depression. Then he became Chairman of the History Department at St. John's University, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was at the same time Editor of the News Service of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and later an Editor of the *Commonweal* and *Information Pro Deo News*.

In 1942 he moved back to Washington and put out his *Catholic Revival in England*, after finishing two sociology texts. He contributed to *Ordinance*, *Books on Trial*, *America* and *Columbia*. His best wartime work was the formation of an interracial group which for success and drive hasn't an equal today in the country.

Mr. O'Connor, now 43 and gray-haired, is gray-faced with fatigue after a morning at class, an afternoon at the Guild and an evening with his interracial group. But his family back him with prayer and sacrifice as he tries to live his duties of being a militant Catholic layman in a world fast losing the lifeblood of Catholicism.

*Prayer is not just another cure for the blues, says Father John S. Kennedy of the "Hartford Transcript." And soup is not a sacrament.*

## WHAT ONION SOUP CAN'T DO

IN PAGING through late numbers of some popular magazines, I find two items which impress me as remarkable. I suppose I mean uncommonly remarkable, for the popular magazines are littered with stupefying exhibits, especially the advertisements. The two things I have in mind bear on religion. One is addressed to men, the other reports on women.

**From Ads, Deliver Us!** The first is an advertisement. It pictures a simpering male, resplendent in full evening dress (his heels seem suspiciously high, though, and his collar much too low), in one hand carrying what may be either a walking stick or an outsize cigarette holder, and with the other hand lighting a firecracker. I gather that he is either out on the town, or about to rocket forth. His mien is laboriously gay. And behind him there is a balloon-like white space containing this query: "Celebrating Tonight?" All in all, he struck me as a fairly repulsive specimen, particularly in view of the firecracker, but I continued to re-

gard the advertisement. Hence my shock.

Yes, shock. For under the pictorial display was the following advice: "Wash Your Sins Away With ONION SOUP." Then came this: "Ever tried the Continental way of topping off a large night? You do it by drinking your fill of onion soup—the authentic French kind with its rich beef stock, sautéed onions and genuine Parmesan cheese, as made by Hormel. Tonight—try a bowl."

Now the man in the advertisement looks simple enough to believe anything, even that he is having a good time. But can it be that the Hormel firm or the whimsical genius responsible for their advertising copy or the generality of magazine readers is simple enough to believe that caption, so startling and in such ineffably bad taste?

**Soup—Good but not Holy.** Hormel onion soup may be a superlative brew. It may, if taken in quantity, be able to offset the effect of prodigiously swilled alcohol. I don't



know. But I do know that this allegedly potent product is *not* able to wash away sin—regardless of the quality of its beef stock, the cunning preparation of its onions, or the old world origin of its cheese. You could drink a gallon of it, you could go swimming in it, you could spend a week under a Niagara of it—and it would have no effect whatever on your sins.

This superb soup, imbibe it though you will, cannot cleanse your soul. Nothing can cleanse your soul save your contrition coupled with God's pardon. The wildly ingenious copywriter here falls into a not uncommon misconception: namely, that sin is no more than the physical ill effects of a rather badly advised action; sin, in the instanced case, is a hangover. This is utterly untrue. Sin is spiritual guilt, it is an immoral decision and choice deliberately made. There may be no external manifestation of it: it is still sin. There may be no apprehensible resultant derangement: it is still sin. And it perdures until, by another decision and choice deliberately made, it is repented.

#### **Good Taste—in Advertising.**

The Hormel people ought to present their advertising agency with a manual of theology—and a code of good taste covering more than the flavor of onions. Unless, of course, they regard use of their product as a means of doing penance for sin.

The second item is a report on the results of a poll taken by the *Woman's Home Companion*. The *Companion*, apparently, is always quizzing women, for the present one is announced as the sixty-third poll. The question put in it was: "How Do You Beat the Blues?"

#### **Puppies Beat the Blues?**

The answers are conveyed in pictures and quotations. Thus, there is a photograph of a woman relaxing like mad. She is sprawled in a chair, her shoeless feet hung onto a table; in one hand she clutches a book; the other hand is poised over a box of chocolates which she is regarding open-mouthed. No, her method of blues-beating is not gorging herself with sweets, but reading.

Other women are shown doing other things to rout depression. One is playing with puppies, another sewing, a third throwing herself into an orgy of housecleaning, a fourth taking a walk alone ("perhaps preceded by a good cry"), a fifth buying a new (and hideous) hat, a sixth setting off for the movies.

#### **"Prayer Works, Too."**

That accounts for all but one. And that one is depicted in church, praying, or at least wearing a pop-eyed look. The caption reads: "Religion is the best antidote for many women. 'A few minutes of prayer in church or some other quiet place,' one expresses it, 'and I feel as if I had a new lease on life.'"

It is by no means my purpose to question the efficacy of prayer in banishing the blues, in giving one refreshment and renewal of strength. Everyone has had experience of prayer's help in moments of stress, discouragement, bewilderment.

But, from the mode of displaying the poll findings, one might easily get the impression that religion is no more than an occasional diversion, a pick-up when one needs stimulation, a soother when one is unusually perturbed, a magic pill to be resorted to when one is down. One might readily suppose that it was on a par with a romp with pets or a trip to the milliner or a bit of movie-going. This mistaken impression, I fear, is all too prevalent. For too many people religion is of moment only to the

extent that it does something for them in an emotional way.

**Nothing Sacred?** Primarily, religion is sane recognition of the crucial fact about us human beings: that we are dependent, that we belong utterly to God, that we owe our existence and all that we are and have to Him, that we are journeying toward Him as our destiny. It is recognition of a fundamental, all-pervasive, all-determinative relationship, and thinking, acting, living in the steady light of that relationship. It is obvious, then, that religion comes after nothing else in life, but is supreme, all-important. It must be sovereign and constant. It is not to be compared with little schemes for relaxation and amusement.

*Howard Dietz's latest story concerns an inter-denominational convention in a big hall in Chicago. In the course of the opening session, a Baptist lady in one of the front rows got up and called, "Is there a Christian Scientist in the audience?" A cheerful young woman in the rear of the hall answered, "Yes, I am a Christian Scientist." "That's fine! I wonder if you'd mind changing places with me," said the Baptist hopefully. "I seem to be in a terrible draught!" . . .—Saturday Review of Literature.*

# Marriage and the Home

James McVann

**Fourteenth Child "Omega."** Massachusetts and Connecticut are the only states that still outlaw contraceptive advice and literature. Leading the fight of the planned-parent-hood associations in Massachusetts is Methodist Bishop Oxnam. And recent antagonist of the Bishop is the Methodist pastor of South Athol, Mass. Writing in *Zion's Herald*, Rev. Newton S. Sweezy boasts that he and John Wesley have in common that they were both a fifteenth child. "If our parents had practiced 'planned parenthood,' or if the fourteenth child had been named 'Omega' there would have been no John Wesley or the Methodist Church." Omega is the last letter in the Greek alphabet.

**Dwindle and Disappear.** More dissent from Bishop Oxnam has been registered by Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, professor at McMaster University, Toronto. Dr. Kirkconnell told the Baptist Federation of Canada that while Catholics in the Dominion have 51 per cent of the children, "an absolute majority of the rising generation," Baptists have less than a survival rate. "Young Baptist parents must rear large families or

our denominational future will dwindle and disappear." The warning of Dr. Kirkconnell bears out the other warning given by Father Coakley of Pittsburgh to American Protestantism and Jewry, that they are bound to exterminate themselves by their support of planned parenthood.

**No Room.** Mayor Hartsfield of Atlanta has condemned modern housing projects as the chief abettors of race suicide. The El Rodeo column of the Los Angeles *Tidings* comments on the mayor's plea for the kind of housing that will promote rightly ordered family life. It has this bitter remark to make about who should get the blame for the sins of birth control committed by couples hemmed in by all kinds of housing restrictions: "We have an idea that God will not be nearly so hard on these people as He will be on those who, for greed and purposes of standardization, have made normal family life impossible."

**Catholic Leakage.** Of constant concern to Catholic leaders is leakage from the Church. The suspicion that much of it comes from carelessness within the family is deep-



ened by some findings of the parish priest at Eugene, Oregon. Father Francis Leipzig set out to study the family trees of people in his parish. He discovered that of the families that had been Catholic a few generations ago, very few still held to the faith. Most noticeable was the loss of faith in the third and fourth generation. In one family the religious negligence of one couple led to the failure of ten grandchildren to be baptized.

Whenever an extensive census of religious defections can be taken, very likely it will be found that most of Catholic failures stem from parental neglect. For the primary school of religion is the family. All the weight of Catholic teaching is behind the thesis that the purpose of marriage is not only to beget children but also to train them for their religious, moral, physical, and civic future.

**Temporal Lords vs. Spiritual.** When Viscount Jowitt, Lord Chancellor of England, handed down a decision that procreation of children is not the guiding purpose of marriage and that artificial birth control is compatible with a true marital contract, he raised a storm that—no thanks to him—may clear the juridical air on both sides of the Atlantic of its fog-giness about marriage. For immediately after the Chancellor's decision, Cardinal Griffin of Westminster took issue with it. And shortly afterwards the Most Rev. Geoffrey

Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury and ranking prelate of the Church of England, published his own censure against the decision of England's highest court. Just as Pope Pius XII welcomes the accord of all honest men in the struggle against Communism, this common front of Anglican and Catholic leaders in England deserves our praise. All moral people should unite to oppose a decision which if enforced would be one more step towards family disintegration.

**More of Dr. Kinsey.** One regrettable feature of the Kinsey report (see INFORMATION for March) is the wide publicity given it. Long before the book appeared it had been exploited in magazines. Within a month of publication it had been pushed into the class of best-sellers. All this ballyhoo is condemned by Dr. Thomas A. C. Rennie, who reviews the work in February *Survey Graphic*. Though the reviewer couches his censures in a vague third person, there is no mistaking his displeasure. "One might wonder why this book was released as widely and with as much publicity as it has been," he writes, "for this is the kind of material that is traditionally released first through medical channels. Many will doubt the wisdom of the procedure. . . . The publicity given it may have serious percussions, particularly for those who want an easy rationale for their own behavior."

Dr. Rennie is putting it mildly. Apart from use by sociologists, the book can have nothing but a prurient appeal. To have published such a book on a scale which was patently related to popular consumption is a serious fault against the common good, which it is hoped the authors and their backers will not repeat.

**For the Scrapbook.** The standard argument used by champions of easier divorce is the hardship which the hard-and-fast law of indissolubility will work on innocent individuals. Emotional appeal is made on behalf of the beaten wife and cringing children of a brutal husband. The rebuttal to all that is very well put in an editorial of the London (Ont.) *Progress*: "In the absence of divine authorization, no power in the world is competent to dissolve a marriage and no emotional appeal to the hardship of individual cases can supply that power. Every law in its general application, occasions hardship for some whom it governs. Where no dispensation is au-

thorized by the legislator for any reason whatsoever, one exception opens the way to unlimited multiplication of exceptions and the whole purpose of the law is defeated."

**Teen-Age Marriage?** The *Western Catholic* (Springfield, Ill.) with surprising warmth defends early marriages. The editor thinks it is a mistake for so many to defer marriage until maturer years—largely for greater security that money can give them. "We question that it is best to wait for an assured financial condition before marriage. A real struggle would be a good thing for many modern couples. It would make them more level-headed, less frivolous and pleasure crazy."

Here the editor states no more than his own studied opinion. The Catholic Church has no set mind in the debate, except that it does not put complete confidence in the decision of couples under twenty-one to marry; for then the Church requires parental consent or—that lacking—permission from the bishop.



# EAST MEETS WEST

## HOLD-OUTS AND TERMS

Msgr. Thomas J. McMahon.

IT is a long, long time since our Lord warned us that we should beware of scandals, and also, that scandals must come. So we were not very startled when a former member of the household of the faith got a headline in the big papers when he lamented Roman Catholic "aloofness" from the rest of the body of Christians and then tried to show the difference between our idea of "ecumenicity" and that of our non-Catholic Christian brethren. If he was quoted correctly in the newspapers, we were supposed to be the "hold outs" in the great plan of reunion, evidently so ardently desired by the audience to whom he spoke.

**Invitation Refused.** Once upon a time we read a book in which the author wrote so well: "It takes a whole lot of learning to get away from the simple truth." That is so in the matter of reunion. Pope Pius IX was no "hold out" when he

wrote his famous letters to the Eastern dissident Patriarchs in 1868, just before the Vatican Council, urging them "to come to the said General Synod, as your ancestors came to the Councils of Lyons and Florence, in order that the conditions of our former love may be renewed." In this the Pope was also infallible in the matter of his history.

The Anglican, S. Herbert Scott, in his *The Eastern Churches and the Papacy* is an impartial witness: "It was not until the fateful, sinister figure of Photius arose that the Eastern Church (I do not say individuals) began to deny what in the persons of its bishops it had signed in the Formulary of Hormisdas; what its saints, persecuted or appalled at the onrush of heresy, had confessed in their appeals to the Apostolic See; what its own emperors had enacted in their edicts; what its own Ecumenical Councils had solemnly





proclaimed of the See of Rome and of him who held it—it was not till then that it began to empty of all meaning what it continued, and still continues, to witness in its rich liturgical offices.”

**Law of Prayer.** We thought of that, back in 1944, when the Patriarch Sergei of Moscow, breathing the new air above the catacombs in which he and his Orthodox confreres had been for a score of years, decided that he could add his bit of bad history in *The Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* to help Stalin’s overflowing zeal for the welfare of the Slav peoples in all countries. Back in the nineteenth century, Russia had a very wonderful friend in its ambassador from Sardinia, Count Joseph De Maistre. This great figure of the Romantic movement marveled in his book, *The Pope*, at the references to St. Peter and his successors in the liturgical books of the Russian Church: “One reads the luminous testimonies, more precious because so little known, which the Russian Church gives against herself on the important question of the supremacy of the Pope. Her liturgical books present admissions of this so clear and powerful, that we wonder how the conscience that consents to pronounce them, refuses to submit.”

**Plain History.** History is the great witness against Rome’s “aloofness” and in favor of her brand of “ecu-

menicity.” If we must cite a Catholic author, let it be that delightfully objective brochure of Dom John Chapman, *The First Eight Councils and Papal Infallibility*, and then summon up the echoes of those good old days when Christians were so stirred up against heresy that they stood outside Council halls and shouted: “Peter has spoken through Leo!” But we used to have a professor of history who would stoutly proclaim: “History is the teacher of life!” and then, with waning enthusiasm: “Alas, she is the teacher of life but she has no disciples!” Still, if the groping Newman was caught up short when Wiseman quoted Augustine’s “*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*,” it may be good to review our history from time to time.

**Whose Terms.** Now we do not say that such a review will be too effective, but it will clear the air. From the Pope down, every Catholic in the world is interested in reunion. On our own terms? Yes, if our terms are the prescription of twenty centuries of Christianity. For a long time, there was no aloofness intrinsic to calling Rome the home of all Christians and the Holy Father the Shepherd of all Christendom, and there is not today a historical or dogmatic foundation for reunion movements on any other terms.

This does not mean that we should not welcome in any Christian group the stirrings towards unity. No

amount of history can clear up the misunderstandings of the ages. To take one example, sincere Orthodox Christians looking at the Roman Catholic Church do not find it easy to understand the purely Christian value of certain of its elements. For us, the exterior authority of the Church, the infallibility of the Pope and the like have a deeply spiritual meaning. For the Orthodox they are too much of this world, too much along the lines of purely human so-

cieties. So it is for us to try to solve this psychological hazard by showing in a living way that "Catholics are Christians, and Christians because they are Catholic." Dom Lambert Beaudin once put it very well: "The question of Christian reunion must be carried on from the field of theology and history to supernatural and ascetical grounds: the whole problem must be seen on the supernatural plane and in the setting of Christian mysticism."



## Christ the Worker

*If social justice and charity reign in the hearts of men, workers will not only cease to feel weary of the position assigned them by Divine Providence in human society; they will become proud of it, well aware that every man by doing his duty is working usefully and honorably for the common good, and is following in the footsteps of Him Who, going in the form of God, chose to become ■ carpenter among men, and to be known as the son of ■ carpenter.*

## WHAT DO THEY THINK?

"WHAT do they think?" This was asked by Chesterton in one of his most amusing papers. He giggled with delight over a sentence he discovered in the very respectable weekly, *Truth*: "Rome tolerates in her relation with the Russian Uniats strange heresies and even bearded and wedded clergy." He found every word of the sentence amusing especially the little word "even." The spectacle of the unyielding Rome tolerating heresy is strange enough, but that she should regard the growing of a beard as something still more difficult to tolerate is stranger still.

We are in fact faced by a non-Catholic world which believes everything about us, but the truth. It was only a few days ago that we were asked in perfect good faith if Catholics had parishes and dioceses like the Episcopalians. The questioner was quite sure that we must have copied from them, and was quite provoked to think that we had not.

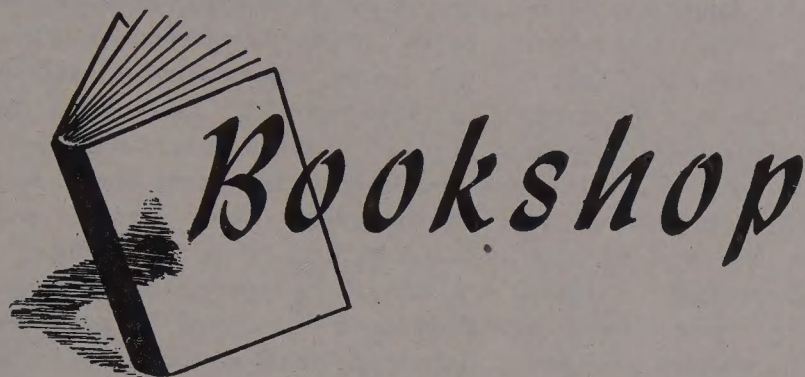
What are we going to do about such ignorance? Catholics who are convinced that everyone knows that we have received our faith from the apostles, and that there is no question in anyone's mind that ours is

the original Church, may be shocked to know that the Baptists claim to be descended from John the Baptist; that the Presbyterians firmly believe that bishops were invented in the second or third century; that Episcopalians are sure that St. Patrick founded their Church in Ireland, and that the British Church was anti-Papal, and to know that all of them are convinced that the Mass, Confession, the Papacy, and indeed all the things that they dislike are only corruptions of the Middle Ages.

There was a time when history could be invoked on behalf of truth, but in these days to refer to history is to suggest the horse and buggy of grandfather. People are completely satisfied with their own ignorance. They are quite sure that they know all that is worth knowing about the Catholic Church. We are thought to have "closed minds" so it would be a waste of time to read anything that we may write about ourselves. A charming young lady who was smitten by the attractions of a Catholic lad told a priest that she was quite willing to become a Catholic, even if it meant practicing a little idolatry!

Msgr. Hawks, in the *Standard and Times*.





# Bookshop

James E. Dixon

## THREE SAD YOUNG MEN

**THAT WINTER.** By Merle Miller. 297 pp.  
William Sloane Associates, New York.  
\$3.00.

Merle Miller has been hailed as the F. Scott Fitzgerald of World War II, the painter of the new "lost generation." If you do not see it so, don't feel too badly; you'll find plenty of company. It is not all Mr. Miller's fault, of course. Fitzgerald had a real "war generation" to deal with, the beautiful and damned who blazed and fell back in the nineteen twenties. No comparably distinct group seems to have emerged from our second global folly. Perhaps the absence is due to the fact that, unlike the First War, which at least *then* seemed to have a definite ending, the Second obviously has had none as yet. Or perhaps, and more likely, because the between-the-wars generations

have gone so far down-hill that there remains but little road to travel. When Mr. Miller tries to concretize what is largely a publishers' myth, the job doesn't come off too convincingly.

**Dreary Vets.** His novel, *That Winter*, attempts to disclose the neuroses, the moral and emotional problems and conflicts of the present post-war people. It is the story of three young veterans in New York, of their thoughts and deeds during the winter following their discharge from the service. They are not very nice young men—but then, who is, these days? They all drink far too much, escape from their own futility too readily by too many parties. All of which neither sounds nor is very distinctive for a mislaid generation in our present social scheme.

Ted—Theodore Johnstone Hamilton, IV—is one of the three sharing the studio apartment. It is difficult to see where his war experience played any great part in his development or deterioration. “. . . for him there had been nothing before the war, and there was nothing after, and he was without hope.” Afflicted with too much money from his youth, he had always been a purposeless individual and an incipient alcoholic. The war, rather than causing, merely delayed his eventual dissolution. His *attrait* for drink, accentuated by the loss of an arm in combat, finally promotes his exit by the traditional route of suicide. Hardly to be classified as a true war-production, for such we have always with us.

**New Anti-Semitic.** Lew—Lew Cole, born Colinsky—is the second of the trio. A radio-script writer, a self-confessed hack, he is more than well paid for his labors. Another of the “bright young men” in New York, his external success does not ease his inner turmoil, which arises from his resented heritage as a Jew. Oppressed from school-days by the fear of anti-Semitism, he seeks to escape by “passing-over.” To this end he disavows the name and family of which he is ashamed, and craves acceptance in the enemy ranks—as ardent a piece of anti-Semitism as anyone could well devise. His rather less-than-admirable effort meets de-

feat when his mother, uninvited of course, arrives to interview his Gentile fiancée, who viciously abandons the whole project. Once again the War cannot justly be used as explanation, since it is evident that Lew’s escape-complex was formed and dominant long before the conflict.

Peter is the narrator of the story. Peter is a frustrated author who desires to produce the great, true novel he feels within him, yet who cannot bring himself to sit down and do it. Instead he prostitutes his genius—for a mere thirty dollars a day—by hiring out to a popular, policy-directed news magazine. The nearest to a true war-neurosis he displays is a hidden guilt-complex deriving from the purely accidental death of Gene Wenisloski, his friend in the public relations post at Paris. Aside from that, Peter seems largely the typical dissatisfied young man, sorry for himself and bitter against the world because he isn’t doing what he wants to do, while ignoring completely the fact that it is he who is responsible for the sad situation. *That* is surely no distinct post-war type.

**Lost World.** Mr. Miller has wasted his efforts on a false supposition. This time there is no lost generation; there is only a lost world. And the brave, bright sins have all been committed far too often; they remain now only a drab routine. The First War really did better by its young.



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